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WAR DISENCHANTED.

REVISED AND ENLARGED BY REV. E. P. MARVIN.

"*War is the business of barbarians.*"—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

"*I hate war.*"—U. S. GRANT.

A gallant form is passing by,
The plume bends o'er his lordly brow,
A thousand tongues have raised on high,
His song of triumph now.
Young knees are bending round his way,
And age makes bare his locks of gray.

Fair forms have lent their gladdest smiles;
White hands have waved the conqueror on
And flowers have decked his path the while,
By gentle fingers strown.
Soft tones have cheered him, and the brow
Of beauty beams, uncovered now.

The bard hath waked the song for him,
And poured his boldest numbers forth.
The winecup sparkling to the brim,
Adds frenzy to the mirth;
And every tongue and every eye,
Does homage to the passer-by.

The cannon thunder strikes the ear,
And martial strains their witchery blend
'Neath battle flag the "Men of Peace,"
Their bendiction lend
To Pagod things of sabre sway,
With fronts of brass and feet of clay.

The gallant steed treads proudly on;
His foot falls firmly now, as when
In strife that iron heel went down
Upon the hearts of men;
And foremost in the ranks of strife,
Trod out the last dim spark of life.

The warrior's stormy voice is heard,
To lead the charge with wrathful mien,
And brothers join in carnage dread,
Till darkness shrouds the scene,
Mid oaths and groans and cries to God,
And garments rolled in vital blood.

Dream they of these—the glad and gay,
That bend around the conqueror's path,
The horrors of the conflict day—
The gloomy field of death—
The ghastly slain—the severed head—
The mourners weeping o'er the dead?

Dark thoughts and fearful! yet they bring
No terrors to the triumph hour,
Nor stay the reckless worshipping
Of blended crime and power.
The fair of form, the mild of mood,
Do honor to the man of blood.

Men—Christians! pause—the air ye breathe
Is poisoned by your idol now;
And will ye turn to him and wreathe
Your chaplets round his brow?
Nay, call his darkest deeds sublime,
And smile assent to giant crime?

Great King of Peace, whom we adore,
Look down with pity from above;
Oh, lift the awful curse of war,
And reign in peace and love.
Oh, come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
Erect thy Kingdom and thy Throne!

ADDRESS TO PRESIDENT HARRISON.

The National Christian Convention, recently in session in Washington, through a Committee of which President H. H. George, D. D., was chairman, drafted an address and presented it to the newly inaugurated President of the United States. Among other suggestions the following was one:

We beg of you, for the love of the Saviour, that you carefully estimate the claim that he has upon this nation, for recognition and obedience. If the Lord Jesus be the son of prophecy upon whose shoulders the government must be laid, the everlasting Father and the Prince of Peace: if he be the exalted King unto whom every knee shall bow and every tongue confess, shall we not, as a nation, bow to his claims, and observe to do his will? There are Christian features of our present civilization that need governmental guarantee and protection. May we not ask you to lend your personal influence and official position in securing their continuance.

It cannot be denied that there are potent forces operating for the destruction of what we have of Christian character in this country, and with the manifest intent utterly to divest our government of everything like Christian features. Will you not feel that "you have come to the kingdom for such a time as this," and give us to hope that deliverance will come in large measures through you in this high position of influence.

TEMPERANCE.

No liquors were served at the inauguration ball in Washington. Our authority for this statement is the New York *Mail and Express* which adds: "Never before in the history of this or any other country have the festivities connected with the installation of a new chief magistrate been marked by such a concession to the conscience of the people, and its influence will be wide spread. Indeed, the probabilities are that, within a few years, the presence of wine on the bill of fare at 'public dinners' will be greeted with general disapproval, and this will be true of social gatherings as well as those of a semi-political character."

Mrs. S. V. White, the wife of the Republican Congressman from Brooklyn, gave a brilliant reception in Washington last month, on a scale of magnificence rarely, if ever, equalled, with many distinguished officials and citizens and foreign diplomats present, but wholly without wine.

THE POET A PROHIBITIONIST.

DANVERS, April 16, 1889.

Hon. E. H. Haskell:

Dear Friend,—I am sorry I could not hear the noble appeal of Senator Hoar at the Music Hall meeting, Age and its attendant infirmities compel me to be more of a sympathizer and well-wisher than an active worker in the cause of prohibition. Massachusetts owes it to herself to sustain at the ballot box the action of her Legislature, and thus put down forever the hateful rule of the saloon. I enclose a check with my warmest Godspeed.

Thine truly,
JOHN G. WHITTIER.